

FATTY'S FAVORITE.



As a rule, they are libelous or demoralizing—or both. It is not prudent to retail them in the family circle before victors of more or less strong religious convictions.

Happily, the story of "Fatty's" favorite may be told without fear of bringing a blush to the cheek of the youngest or most foolish person.

"Who is he?" was the question people asked in wonder, as they and he went on the course probably with a common purpose (to "get a bit," as the mission is called by those who follow it); and the reply was invariably the same, "Fatty."

That was all. "Fatty," pure and simple; this seemed to satisfy public curiosity. Further interrogation was considered adventurous, in view of the startling facts it might reveal. To look at him was enough, especially when he was backing losers.

Truly, "Fatty" was a remarkable character, unconventional in his life and customs, also in his ideas as to the rights of individuals, so far as personal property was concerned. What he wished to have he thought he was entitled to take, if the owner's attention was diverted; and no man was cleverer than he in diverting owners' attention when there was anything to be taken by doing so.

Not a person of high principle, he could afford to purchase the luxuries of the season in sufficient abundance to gratify his appetite, which was immense. To many persons of the highest principle such luxuries are unknown.

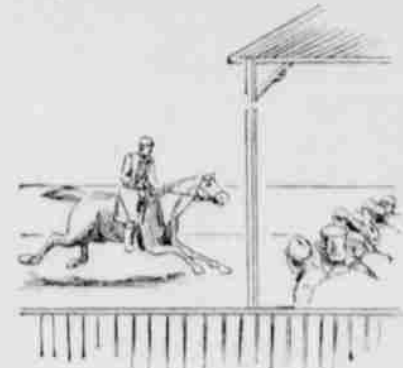
When in his best form "Fatty" accomplished notable feats. His favorite maneuvers were executed on the race course. He was quite at home there, and moved about, both in the ring and paddock, with immunity from assault. A friend told me this story about "Fatty" in confidence—hence I pass it on in the same spirit. We were returning from Camptown steeplechases after a bad day, and were bemoaning our anaemic condition.

"This is no game," I remarked, "for honest, well-meaning men;" and I vainly hunted for the remnants of a cheap cigarette which I hoped had not been thrown away in better times.

"Yes, it's a poor game," said my companion, "when one loses one's money in order to maintain one's rectitude of purpose. Now look at 'Fatty,'" he added, after a pause, rather inconsequently; "you never hear him complain of his bad luck. It is those who have been playing with him who lift up their voices. He knows very well that luck wouldn't keep him in grease for his moustache and boots."

"But some of us are afraid of prison," I murmured regretfully.

"Well, just listen to a short account of what 'Fatty' did the other day, and then talk about prisons if you like. Of course, you know that at one time he kept a small coffee shop in the east end of London, and now bets in thousands. That denotes the master mind. He is called 'Fatty' because of his stomachic protuberance, not in reference to any other personal distinction.



RODE A FINISH.

He looks at you, as I were, from behind a flour-bag, especially when wearing a white waistcoat, and he talks to you as though he would fall backwards if you pushed against it. O, yes! he's very hot, is 'Fatty.' He's had his ups and downs, and has always faced the music bravely, whether he'd a shirt on his back or a scarf round his neck. He's made money, too, by backing 'em on the course."

From personal experience I knew that was true, and I could not help reflecting that a man must be clever to make money at a sport by which most of us lose our little all and what we are able to borrow. Yet such a man is, no doubt, more than clever; he does not mind what he does.

My idea is that the wealthy punters are those who, if they cannot find winners, find something else of value, and do not necessarily wait until it is lost.

But the last paragraph may be treated as a philosophical digression, having no relation to the story, which was continued by my friend as follows:

"Then 'Fatty,' after a brilliant coup, got some racehorses of his own. He was tired of backing other people's gee-gees, and wished to try how he could work them under his own proprietorship and supervision. He had no desire to own high-class horses. He knew that money could be made out of little races as well as out of big, only with greater certainty. He had not a soul above platters; his argument was that you can win as much with a bad horse as with a good one if you can back him with confidence to beat worse."

"Incontrovertible," I remarked, interrupting the story for a moment; "but I never could find worse than mine. Nobody ever had such bad ones as those which I collected with great care at a small expense."

"No one ever accused you of knowing the game," said my friend, severely. "You should only go out with a barrel organ and a monkey, being tied to its tail. You might be clever enough to take the pennies if the donors placed them in your hand, closed it over them tenderly, and swore you to secrecy. But 'Fatty' was a perfect tradesman. He was after the nimble ninipence every time. He used to back his platters when it was good enough to do so; when not, he used to let other people back them, and invest his money on something else. It is a beautiful game so long as you can play it without danger from the mob or from the stewards."

"Who was 'Fatty's' trainer?" I asked, feeling confident that position was not a sinecure.

"Why, surely you know," retorted the historian. "'Fatty' would, of course, only have one sort of trainer—a man who would do as he was told without asking questions. Old Jerry Smiggins, of Ripston, realized his ideal of that character. You remember Jerry—he always seemed to be trying to 'beat' somebody, and was generally in debt. Talk about the very 'warm' members, he could give most of them a start over what is called 'a rogne's course,' and make hacks of 'em when it came to pure thieving. I should not like to be a dying man engaged in cuddling my money-bags for the last time if Jerry were in the sick chamber watching my struggles. He would accelerate my doom to obtain the treasure."

"And how did his employer trust him?" I inquired, for I had a little knowledge of the Ripston trainer, and recognized that the elegant smile as to the peril of the moribund person toying with his cash deposits was not an exaggeration. Indeed, Jerry would no doubt have also removed any false teeth that might have been in the unfortunate person's jaws, so as to get the gold to bet with.

"Trust him," replied my informant; "well, you know how far such men trust each other. Like one hungry dog trusts a hungrier one in sight of an odorous bone. So long as both could get a bite they do not worry each other as to which secured the most pestiferous portion. They went on well for a time, and 'Fatty's' nose reflected his prosperity to a marked extent; it beamed upon us in the paddock and assumed more colossal proportions and brighter tints as its owner put on flesh and added to his balance at the bank. Then came the picturesque incident at Camptown Park previously hinted at."

Here the orator took breath and expanded his chest before embarking on the more exciting part of his recital. Refreshed by the rest, he continued:

"'Fatty' had one of his platters in a selling race at Camptown, and on the book it had a great chance. Accordingly, the public made his horse favorite, and backed it down to even money in a large field of runners. 'Fatty' could not stand that; he did not care for even money chances. So, after conferring with his trainer, he gave him instructions to the effect that the favorite need not exert himself unduly in the race, and that precautionary measures might wisely be adopted with that end (the wrong end) in view. Having arranged matters to his satisfaction, the astute owner of the favorite went into the ring and backed a horse which he believed was a certainty while his candidate enacted the part of spectator. A jockey who would listen to reason when it took the form of ready money was riding the favorite. Therefore it was that when the horse cantered to the post 'Fatty' felt slightly above himself—his usual sensation when he considered that he was backing one's certainty in a race, and laying against another certain not to win."

"The result of the race, however, was not what he desired. The favorite had more in hand than his owner or trainer thought. His jockey could not quite hold him; thus he found himself near home in view of the public before he was able to get a pull. It was then too late, pull as hard as he could. People would see him; he might be warned off. Naturally fearing that disaster, he sat down and rode a finish of considerable merit, making a dead heat of it. You may imagine his employer's awful sensations. He had backed one of the dead-heaters to win a large stake; he had laid against the other to lose a lot of money!"

"Then Jerry Smiggins appeared in the paddock, and held conference with his patron. The result seemed satis-

factory to the latter; he whispered a few words to his trainer, and Jerry hurried away again as though on a mission of importance. It was so, for that dead heat was never run off!"

"They agreed to divide?" I asked, innocently, having no idea at that time what bad men will do to get money. "Agreed to divide!" repeated my friend, with scornful emphasis. "Fancy 'Fatty' dividing anything with anybody when he had a chance of collaring the lot! When the time arrived for running off the dead heat the favorite could not be found. Jerry had been to the stables surreptitiously and lost him!"

This, like other things, is, I am informed, easily done when you know how to do it. "Fatty" still goes racing, and is far fatter than ever, especially underneath his white waistcoat. But the public do not rush after his hot favorites now; and some of the punters—those who bet for a living and live well at times—declare that they can afford to lose when "Fatty" wins.—In Town.

JAPANESE MOTHERS.

They Thoroughly Understand the Care of Children.

It sometimes happens that one sees a young American mother so utterly unfit for the training of children and for the duties of motherhood that one cannot but wonder why it pleased Providence ever to give her the care of little ones, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch. This happens sometimes in the case of really estimable women, and I have heard a young mother say sadly that she never quite knew what to do with the baby, it was such a queer little thing, and she was half afraid to touch it. Other young things in the shape of puppies, kittens or even colts she knew all about and was quite at home with, but her own child remained a sort of curious and uncanny little being to her till his baby days were over and he began to share in his mother's hobbies in a boyish sort of way. Now in Japan a mother like this is an impossibility. She is not interested in politics, or in social reforms, neither is she bent on being a social success nor devoted to any scientific philanthropic work, as are so many of her western sisters. She is par excellence a mother, and one who cannot be rivaled in any other country. No children are so well and carefully tended as hers, and she is patient and gentle with them, never threatening them if they are unruly with corporal punishment nor raising her voice and scolding them in the unpleasant way one so often hears in other countries. The Japanese mother is a born kindergartner, and enters into the lives of her little ones just as easily as the western kindergartner teacher who has undergone a long period of study and training. To her the duties of motherhood come naturally, for among her nation women who will make good mothers are chosen as wives, and thus in the course of nature the quality of motherliness is intensified as time goes on and the race of mothers becomes very superior.

Nowhere is motherhood as respected as in Japan, and nowhere does the mother receive more attention from both her husband and her children. She is regarded as the maker of the race, and her maternal duties are considered to be exceeding honorable and to entitle her to the utmost consideration and affection.

"Praying John."

Out in Ellis, Kan., is an old man who, for many years, has enjoyed the sobriquet of "Praying John." His name is John Horrigan, and every day, rain or shine, winter and summer, in sickness and in health, he has, at the rising of the sun and the going down thereof, knelt on the open prairie and prayed. The place where he prays has been worn hard and smooth by his knees. It is not within the memory of the oldest inhabitant that "Praying John" ever missed his devotion. He is held in great respect by his neighbors because of his sincerity and his consistent piety. Observant travelers, passing through Ellis on the trains, have seen the old man kneeling in the snow with his gray head bared, and wondered at it.—Chicago paper.

80-Year-Old Bigamist.

Joseph Bishopp, aged 80 years, has been arrested in Anderson, Ind., for bigamy, the charges being preferred by his fourth wife, who is now residing in the state of Ohio. Last week Bishopp married Rebecca Shaw. In some manner the Ohio woman found that he had entered the matrimonial state again, and she proceeded to immediately bring action against him. He will fight the case. It is somewhat complicated and he claims that he thought he had a divorce from the woman.

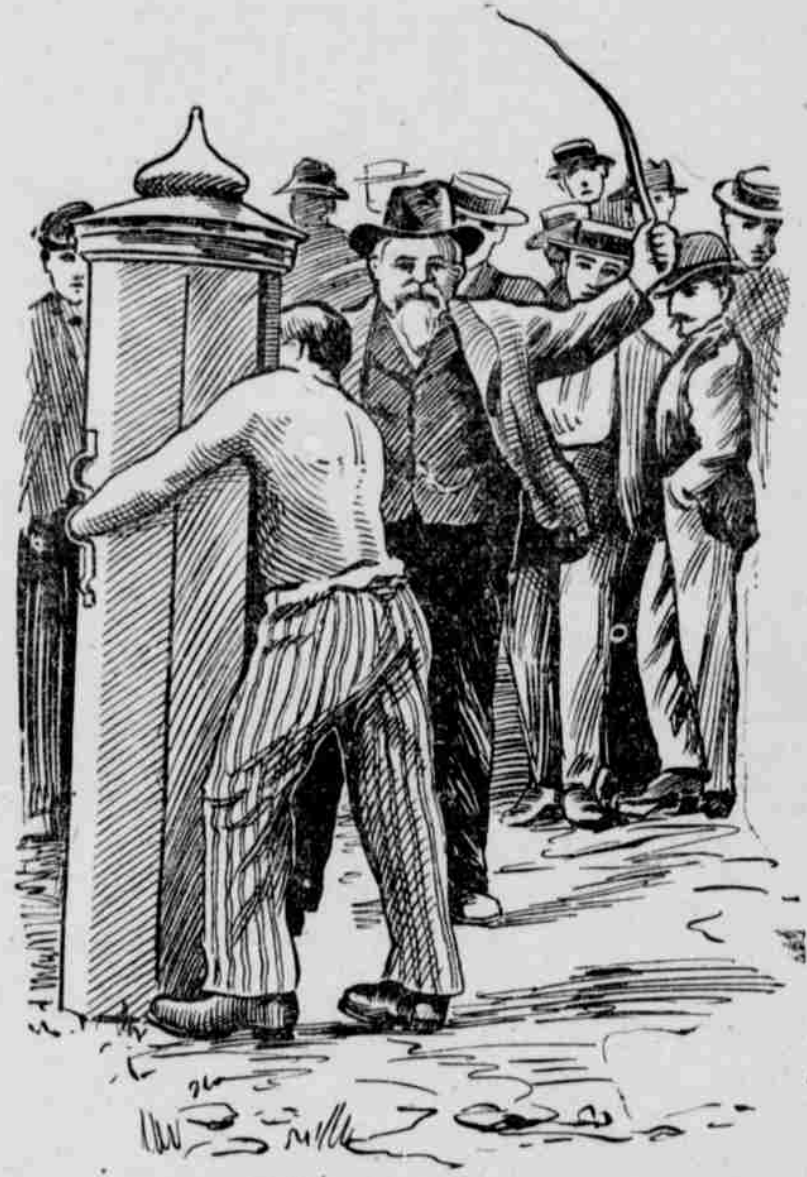
An Old Typo.

Sixty-five years ago Hiram Lukens entered the Intelligencer office at Doylestown, Pa., to learn printing, and he is there yet, setting type as fast as anybody around the place. His record of continuous service with one establishment is probably unequalled in the business.

WHIP AND PILLORY.

The pillory and whipping post have proved their efficacy in Delaware in the cases of petty offenders against the law. While not an absolute preventive of petty crimes, their success is such that few persons who have once been pilloried and whipped return to have the penalty repeated. They either reform or leave the state, except occasionally a hardened criminal who cannot be either reformed or exiled.

While undergoing the punishment of the pillory the victim is almost perfectly motionless, hardly being able to move his head or hands. In some instances, however, where the neck of the prisoner is small, he can move it enough to keep him from getting the cramp in it, as is often the case. There have been cases where a prisoner has chewed tobacco during the whole time of his incarceration, which is never less than one hour, and in



APPLYING THE LASH.

aggravated cases sometimes is two hours.

After the pillory comes the public whipping. The prisoner in this case is stripped of his shirt and coat and, with his back exposed, his hands in iron cuffs, fastened with spikes, he leans forward hugging the post as it were, while the sheriff applies the lash. The mark of the rawhide is plainly left on the culprit's back, who endeavors to bear up under it, but coming as it does in rapid succession and almost in the same spot invariably he squirms and twists, as if to stave off the effects of it. For cases of minor larceny the sentence of the court is not over 10 or 15 lashes, occasionally, however, when an offender is arraigned before the court, he gets 20 or sometimes 30. The highest number ever given in Delaware was 60 lashes.

There is an agitation in Delaware at the present time for the abolishment of the pillory and the whipping post, but it is not likely that it will be successful.

Fasted Thirty-Five Days.

For the past two or three years a great number of people have had recourse to the starvation cure as a remedy for their ills of body or mind. There are many authentic cases where this abstaining from food has been productive of good results, but the case of Mrs. Hermina Meyer, a Philadelphia woman, who was a sufferer from rheumatism, and who resorted to the fasting treatment as a cure, resulted fatally. Under the direction of an advocate of the fasting cult, she abstained absolutely from food for 35 days. Then she was seized with convulsive vomiting. From 130 pounds she was reduced to a mere skeleton. On the 35th day she tasted food, and three

weeks following the breaking of her fast she died. The person who had directed her to fast pronounced Mrs. Meyer's death due to heart disease, but her family physician declared it purely a case of starvation.

ACCIDENT EXTRAORDINARY.

A Machine Took Off a Man's Arm Without Touching It.

A few days ago Mr. James McMullen of Hutchinson, Kan., lost his arm in a laundry in that town in manner extraordinary. He stopped at a wringer and held his hands over it to dry them. He got one hand too low so that the air suction caught it, and his arm from the elbow down was taken off as by a miracle. The wringer is a circular iron affair, with a smaller bowl inside it in which the clothes are placed. The smaller apartment is perforated with holes upon the sides, and the whole thing revolves at the rate of several thousand revolutions a minute. The effect is that the air currents within the wringer are as terrific in their power as the center section of a Kansas cyclone. When a cyclone strikes a brick building and huris it to atoms the force seems appalling and incomprehensible. The accident to Mr.

Some Great Floods.

Disregard for proper authority killed a town called Greenville, on the Mississippi river. The great Mississippi is only kept in its bed by gigantic embankments called levees. Nowadays they are kept up by the state, but at one time each town along the banks had a section to look after. The people of Greenville proved callously careless. They allowed the strong current to eat deep into the bank without replacing the soil. The result was that one April night the river came down in flood, tore a yawning gap in the worn levee, and swept Greenville and most of its people from the face of the earth. Johnstown, the Pennsylvania town wiped out by the bursting of the Conemaugh dam on May 31, 1889, owed this shocking disaster and the loss of 6,000 lives directly to the incredible carelessness of its authorities, who were warned the dam was insecure, but refused to move in the matter.

Eloped Five Times.

For the fifth time since taking the marriage vows Mrs. James Duffy of Shamokin, Pa., has eloped with Wallace Hummel and deserted her husband and three children. For years she has been friendly with Hummel, and on five different times they ran away together, but each time the woman returned and was forgiven by her patient husband, and now Mrs. Duffy is anxious to return to the bosom of her family.